Emil. The Sun grows high, lets walk in, keep theſe flowers;
Weele ſee how neere Art can come neere their colours;
I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now.
Wom. I could lie downe I am ſure.
Emil. And take one with you?
Wom. That's as we bargaine Madam,
Emil. Well, agree then.

Exeunt Emilia and woman.

Pal. What thinke you of this beauty?
Arc. Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes a matchles beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well loſe himſelfe and love her?
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
Beſhrew mine eyes for't, now I feele my Shackles.
Pal. You love her then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And deſire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I ſaw her firſt.
Arc. That's nothing
Pal. But it ſhall be.
Arc. I ſaw her too.
Pal. Yes, but you muſt not love her.
Arc. I will not as you doe; to worſhip her;
As ſhe is heavenly, and a bleſſed Goddes;
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)
So both may love.
Pal. You ſhall not love at all.
Arc. Not love at all.
Who ſhall deny me?
Pal. I that firſt ſaw her; I that tooke poſſeſſion
Firſt with mine eye of all thoſe beauties
In her reveald to mankinde: if thou lou'ſt her,
Or entertain'ſt a hope to blaſt my wiſhes,
Thou art a Traytour *Arcite* and a fellow
Falſe as thy Title to her: friendſhip, blood
And all the tyes betweene us I diſclaime

If thou once thinke upon her.
Arc. Yes I love her,
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I muſt doe ſo, I love her with my ſoule,
If that will loſe ye, farewell *Palamon*,
I ſay againe, I love, and in loving her maintaine
I am as worthy, and as free a lover
And have as juſt a title to her beauty
As any *Palamon* or any living
That is a mans Sonne.
Pal. Have I cald thee friend?
Arc. Yes, and have found me ſo; why are you mov'd t
Let me deale coldly with you, am not I
Part of you blood, part of your ſoule? you have told me
That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcite*.
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to thoſe affections,
Thoſe joyes, greifes, angers, feares, my friend ſhall ſuffer
Pal. Ye may be.
Arc. Why then would you deale ſo cunningly,
So ſtrangely, ſo vnlike a noble kineſman
To love alone? ſpeake truely, doe you thinke me
Vnworthy of her ſight?
Pal. No; but unjuſt,
If thou purſue that ſight.
Arc. Becauſe an other
Firſt ſees the Enemy, ſhall I ſtand ſtill
And let mine honour downe, and never charge?
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
Arc. But ſay that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one ſay ſo,
And uſe thy freedome: els if thou purſueſt her,
Be as that curſed man that hates his Country,
A branded villaine.
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I muſt be.
Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concernes me,